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Black sails



205 6 7

Chapter 1 by Danny Rerucha

Little Jack Newman was at the beach with his mom early one morning near his hometown of Pianosa. Pianosa was a beautiful island community just off the coast of southern Aswale. Jack had lived here with his family his entire life. Today was his seventh birthday. A ship was sailing on the horizon. It was the most spectacular vessel Jack had ever seen. The sun glistened off its deck, and its black sails tore through the morning sky like scissors through paper.

Chapter 2 by J F



It was as if the sun was blasting through a cut in the sky and busting through the opening to fill the world with lovely golden sunshine. Jack thought the world was a wonderful place and the boat must be the most wonderful thing in the world, or at least at sea, if it could do such magic.

He'd seen boats before, and sailors who rowed them along the shore to catch fish. He'd never seen boats like this though. He pointed out the hole in the sky, above the boat. His mother seemed to grow uncomfortable and made a comment about it being pirates or something like that, something that didn't like little boys like Jack, and that they should go home and see what his dad had to say.

Now Jack's father was a gentleman who'd fought with the old governor to bring peace to the island cluster long before Jack was born. In fact There were legends of the family heros and how they saved the day... in their day. Jack ran ahead of his mother to tell the exciting news. For him this was turning into a most wonderful birthday.

His mother followed trembling and in tears. She wanted to see the ship and the hole in the sky.

Jack and went to the beach.

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As soon as the whole band of pirates had gone, he went to the beach to look at the hole in the sky.

He might find them and the hole.

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Jack bounded into the small warm house that smelled of everything stewed and baked into a perfect home; he hoped that she was right about pirates! His mother hoped more than anything that she was very wrong.

The captain watched the specks, one of bright blue and the bigger rose and golden silk, they rushed toward the smoky opening in the forest protected shore. The "Bursting Hart" sailed in toward the island shore, to explore for reserves of food and fresh water. Then too, the occasional isolated hamlet, was always welcome to draw strength from fresh victims, for the terrifying crew.

Chapter 3 by Ethan Hood



The moss-covered ship drew its sails upon reaching the beach. A shanty could be heard from the distance something along the lines of "Running down to Cuba." A few sailors descended into a dinghy, one holding a torn black flag. It whipped around as a strong wind pushed the men subtly. A storm was soon to come.

The crew arrived on the beach, unsheathing their cutlasses and taunting the inhabitants to challenge them.

Peering through a minuscule hole in the wall, Jack gazed upon the rowdy invaders. His heart was beating rapidly as their intentions remained unknown. The crew began walking through the streets, looking for someone unlucky enough to be bullied. Jack then remembered that Old Man Jones was supposed to return home in the morning.

Old Man Jones is true to his word, and rode into Pianosa on a horse-drawn carriage, loaded with exotic sugars from his plantation. The pirates spotted him riding down the street, and ran towards him.

"Come right at us, Old Blubber!" ringed throughout the alleyways of the town. Jack froze, frightened at what they might do to the poor old man. They yanked Old Man Jones from out of his carriage and hung him upside down. He was frail, and only weighed a mere 120 pounds.

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Jack's mom had never seen him

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slip under her and he bolted straight out of the door. He ran into a pirate, causing him to drop his crate and spill its precious contents.

The pirate was not amused.

Chapter 4 by Taikey the Gensaur-Inactive, you can have your party now.



It was like he suddenly knew karate. In a matter of seconds, the pirate was laying on the ground, unconscious.

Then it seemed like one by one, all the other pirates turned their heads and faced him. *Gulp.*

Soon, he was being hung upside down, pirates trying to get some loot, that fortunately, was still at his house.

It looked like Old Man Jones was dead, but then he opened his mouth and spoke.

"I have a plan."

Jack's eyes widened.

"I have to sacrifice myself to the pirates."

"In a few minutes," Jack thought, "he *will* be dead."

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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